

# Congregation

## Foo Fighters

And I met the seventh son  
He came for everyone  
The day he heard the lightning in the fieldI've heard him clear his throat  
A fork within the road  
That night the tallahatchie took the wheelI've been throwing knives to see just where they'll land  
Now my world is in your handsSend in the congregation  
Open your eyes, step in the light  
A jukebox generation  
Just as you wereThe voice upon the stage  
Is a heart inside a cage  
And it's singing like bluebird in the round  
There's mystery in this wood  
And ghosts within these roots  
And a tangle deep beneath this southern groundI've been going through life making foolish  
plans  
Now my world is in your handsSend in the congregation  
Open your eyes, step in the lights  
A jukebox generation  
Just as you wereJust as you were  
Just as you wereAnd you need blind faith  
No false hope  
No false hopeDo you have blind faith?  
No false hope  
No false hope  
Where is your blind faith?  
No false hope  
No false hopeOpen your eyes  
Open your eyes  
Step into the light!Open your eyes  
Step into the light!The sound becomes  
Congregation  
A congregation  
A congregationAnd thereIn the singing like a blue bird in the round

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>